The BOYS
Dear Becky
05
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DA RI CK 2020

The BOYS™

Dear Becky

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05

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female were The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth — superpower. Some superheroes had to be watched. Some of them had to be controlled. And some of them — sometimes — had to be taken out of the picture.

The issue was decided in one final battle against a massed superhero army, when a plan concocted by the "supes" to overthrow the US government went horribly awry. Now, twelve years later, Hughie and his lover Annie January have returned to his home in the Scottish town of Auchterladle — their battles fought and won, their torment over.

The days when Colonel Greg Mallory led The Boys are firmly in the past. So too are the times Billy Butcher shared with a woman who strove to send him down a different road. All of that is over and done with. Finished.

Now read on…

DYNAMITE®

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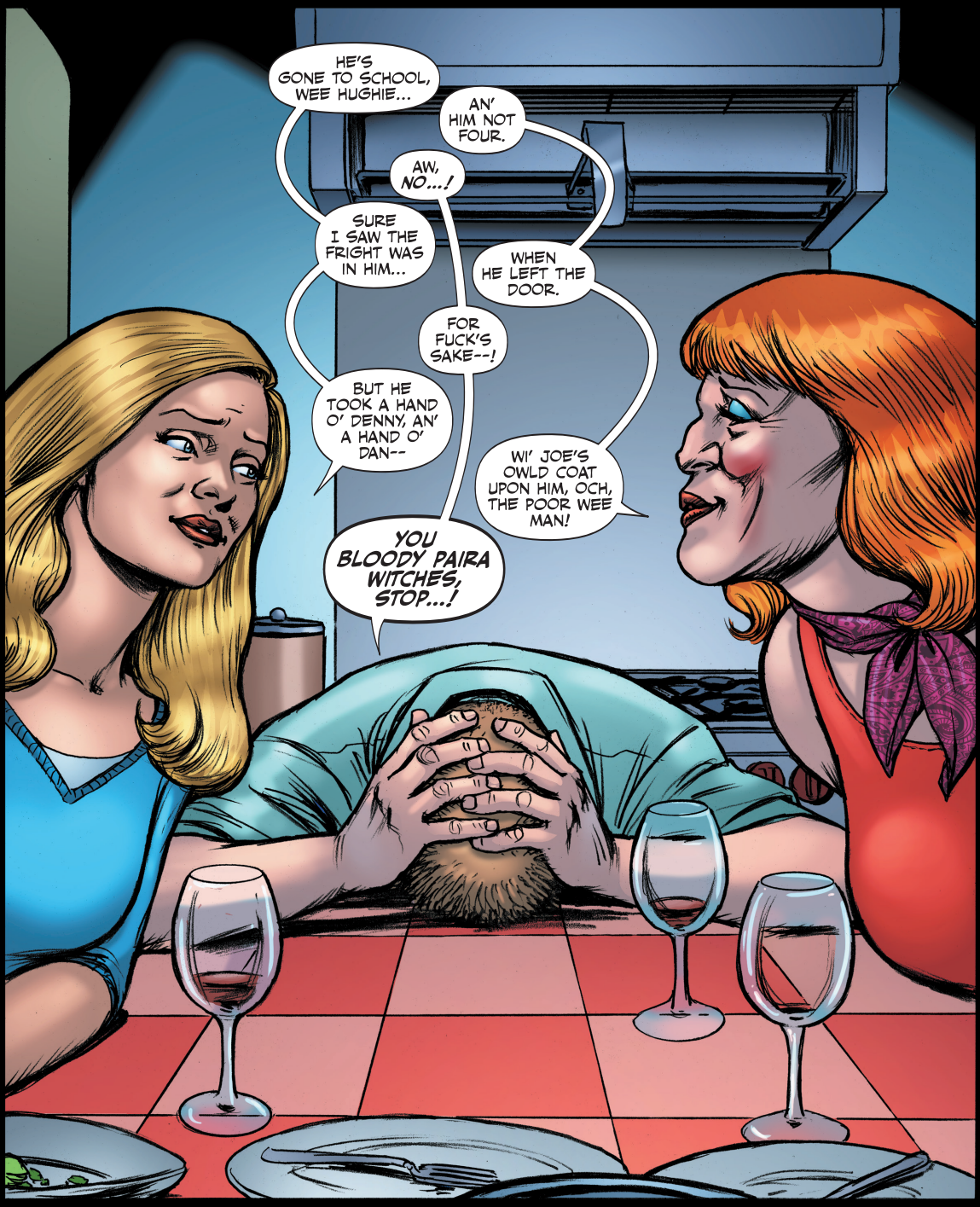
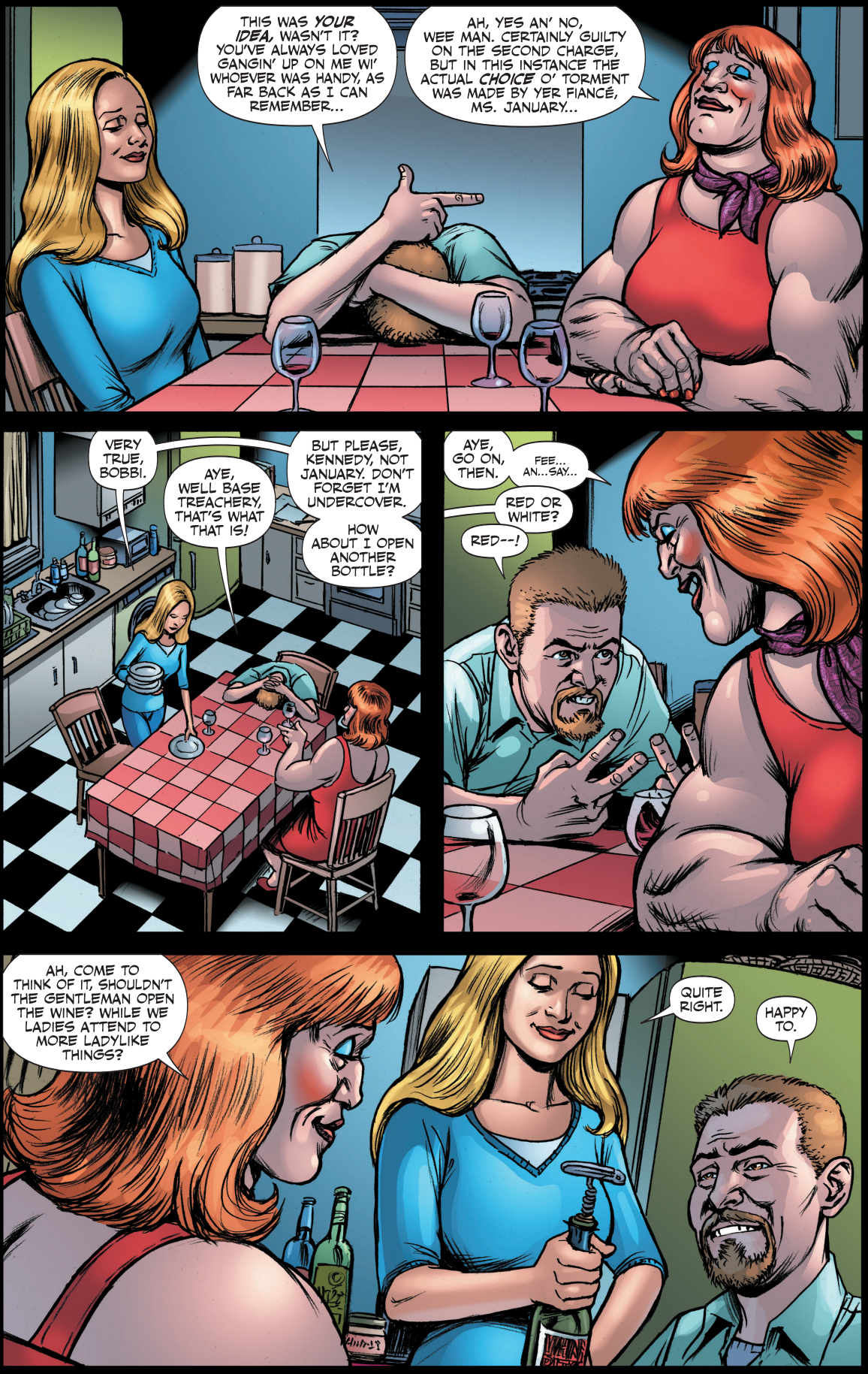
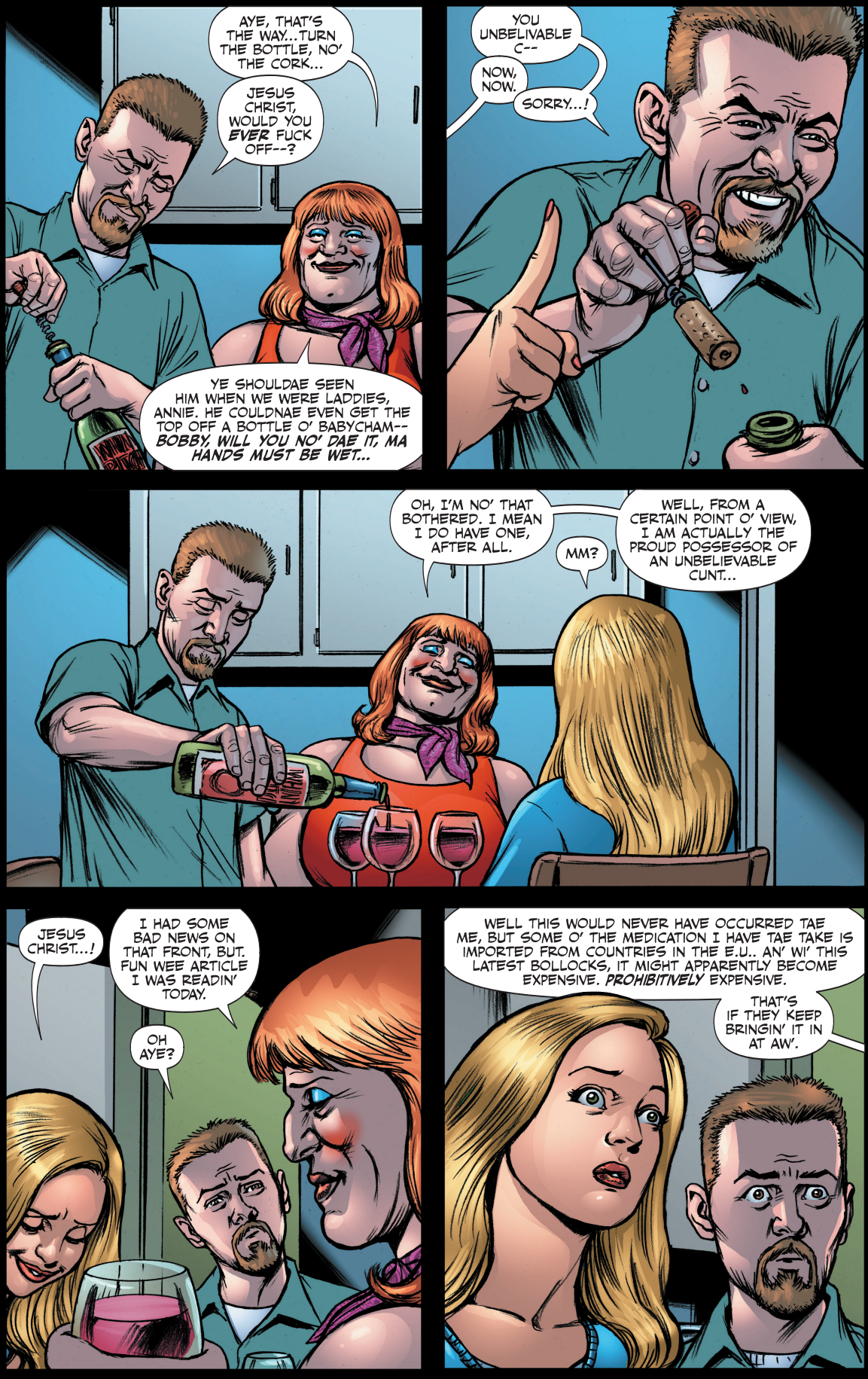
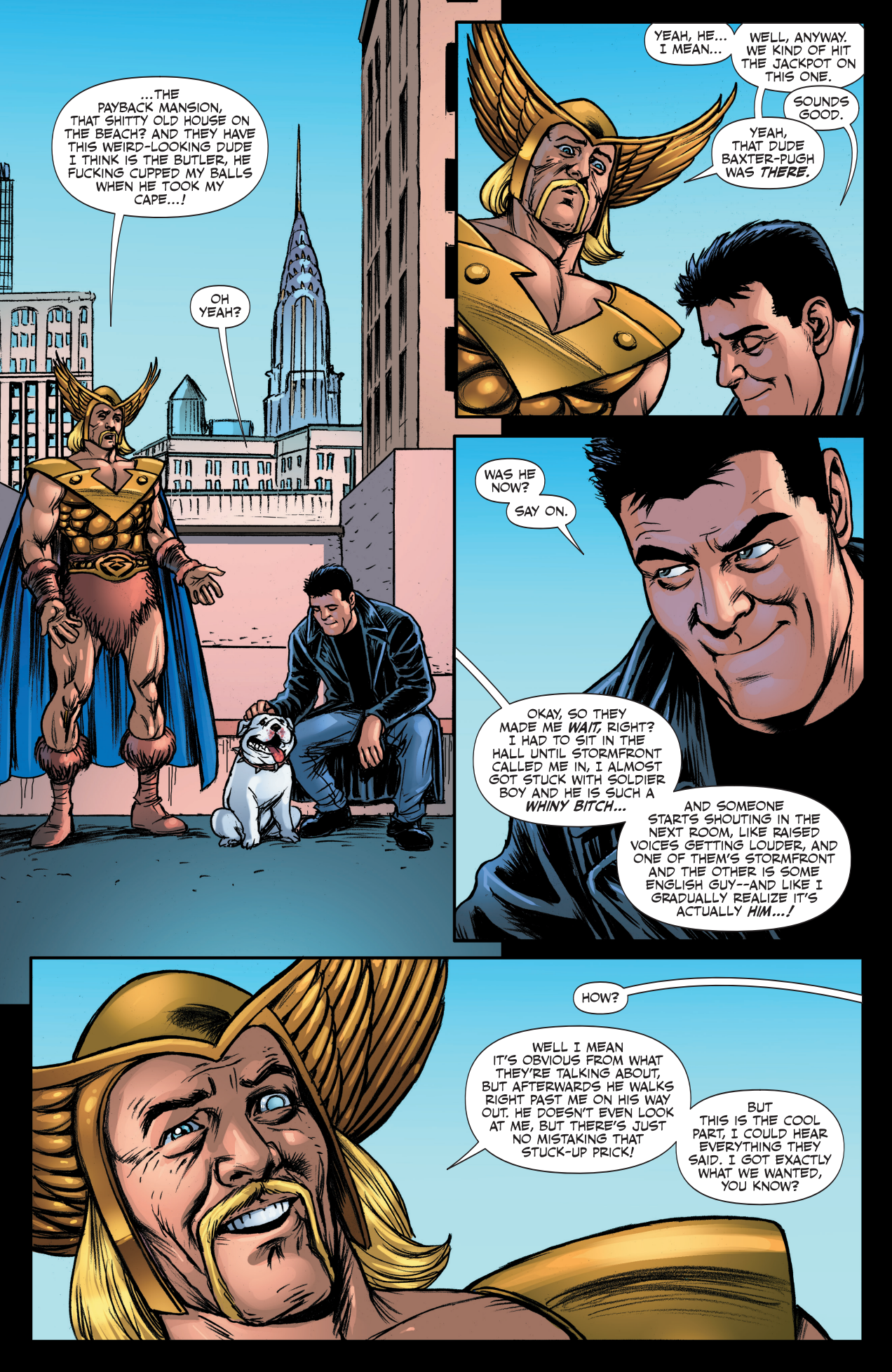

HE'S GONE TO SCHOOL, WEE HUGHIE...
AN' HIM NOT FOUR.
AW, NO...!
SURE I SAW THE FRIGHT WAS IN HIM...
WHEN HE LEFT THE DOOR.
FOR FUCK'S SAKE--!
BUT HE TOOK A HAND O' DENNY, AN' A HAND O' DAN--
WI' JOE'S OWLD COAT UPON HIM, OCH, THE POOR WEE MAN!
YOU BLOODY PAIRA WITCHES, STOP...!

5: WEDNESDAY


THIS WAS *YOUR IDEA,* WASN'T IT? YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED GANGIN' UP ON ME WI' WHOEVER WAS HANDY, AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER...
AH, YES AN' NO, WEE MAN. CERTAINLY GUILTY ON THE SECOND CHARGE, BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THE ACTUAL *CHOICE* O' TORMENT WAS MADE BY YER FIANCÉ, MS. JANUARY...
VERY TRUE, BOBBI.
AYE, WELL BASE TREACHERY, THAT'S WHAT THAT IS!
BUT PLEASE, KENNEDY, NOT JANUARY. DON'T FORGET I'M UNDERCOVER.
HOW ABOUT I OPEN ANOTHER BOTTLE?
AYE, GO ON, THEN.
FEE... AN...SAY...
RED OR WHITE?
RED--!
AH, COME TO THINK OF IT, SHOULDN'T THE GENTLEMAN OPEN THE WINE? WHILE WE LADIES ATTEND TO MORE LADYLIKE THINGS?
QUITE RIGHT.
HAPPY TO.


AYE, THAT'S THE WAY...TURN THE BOTTLE, NO' THE CORK...
JESUS CHRIST, WOULD YOU *EVER* FUCK OFF--?
YE SHOULDAE SEEN HIM WHEN WE WERE LADDIES, ANNIE. HE COULDNAE EVEN GET THE TOP OFF A BOTTLE O' BABYCHAM-- *BOBBY, WILL YOU NO' DAE IT, MA HANDS MUST BE WET...*
YOU UNBELIVABLE C--
NOW, NOW.
SORRY...!
OH, I'M NO' THAT BOTHERED. I MEAN I DO HAVE ONE, AFTER ALL.
MM?
WELL, FROM A CERTAIN POINT O' VIEW, I AM ACTUALLY THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF AN UNBELIEVABLE CUNT...
JESUS CHRIST...!
I HAD SOME BAD NEWS ON THAT FRONT, BUT. FUN WEE ARTICLE I WAS READIN' TODAY.
OH AYE?
WELL THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE OCCURRED TAE ME, BUT SOME O' THE MEDICATION I HAVE TAE TAKE IS IMPORTED FROM COUNTRIES IN THE E.U.. AN' WI' THIS LATEST BOLLOCKS, IT MIGHT APPARENTLY BECOME EXPENSIVE. *PROHIBITIVELY* EXPENSIVE.
THAT'S IF THEY KEEP BRINGIN' IT IN AT AW'.

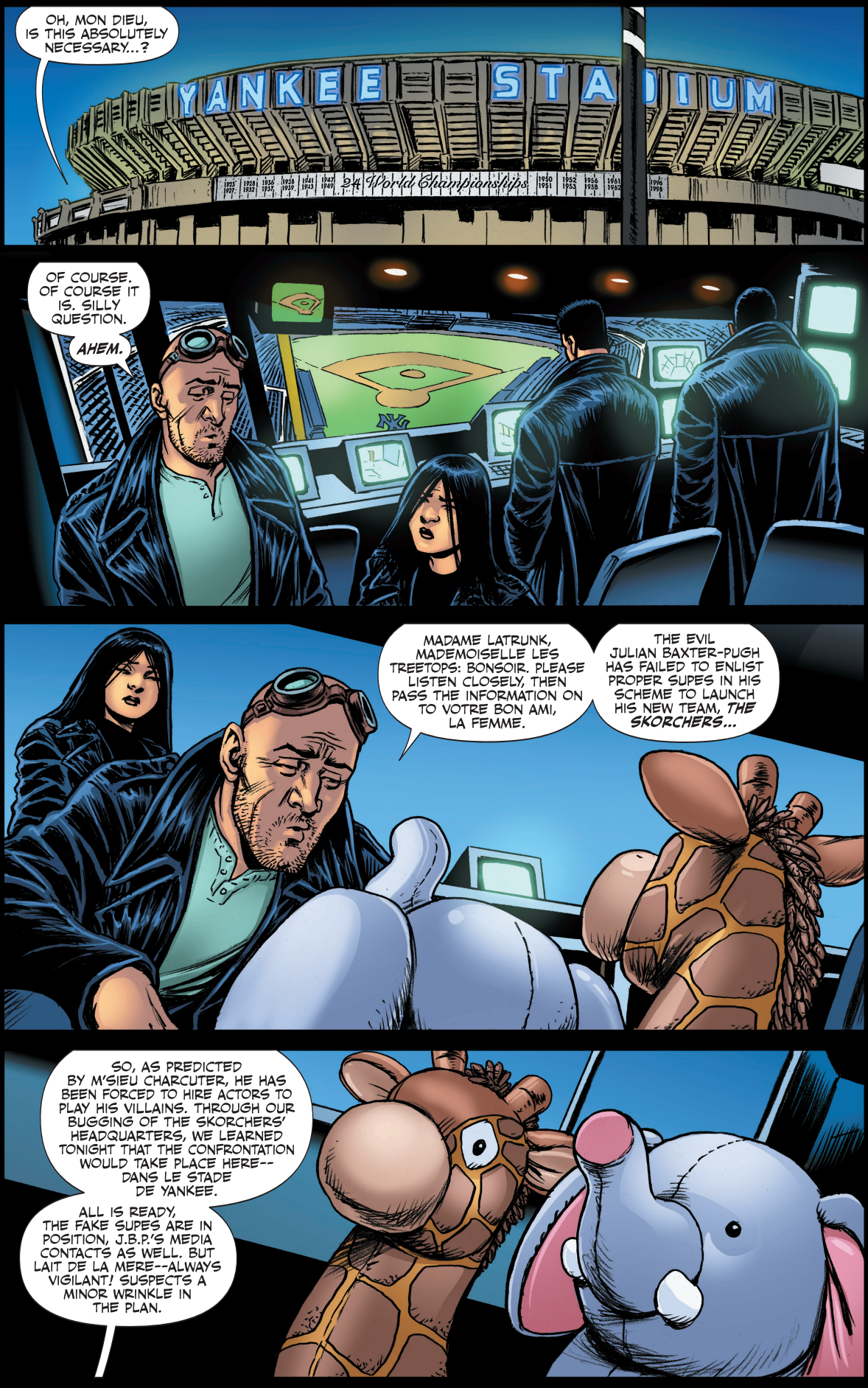
THAT IS SO FUCKED UP.
THERE'S WAYS AN' MEANS, LIKE, BUT YE DON'T WANNA BE MESSIN' AROUND WI' THAT STUFF. SPIRONOLACRONE AN' ESTROGEN--I START USIN' SOME BLACK MARKET SHITE AN' YE'RE TALKIN' BLOOD CLOTS, HEART TROUBLE, ALL SORTSAE THINGS...
OH JESUS, BOBBI.
I AM SO SORRY.
IT'S NO' YOUR FAULT, WEE MAN.
WELL...
YOU-- WAIT A MINUTE, IS THIS NO'--
IT'S OKAY, BOBBI, HE EVENTUALLY TOLD ME THE TRUTH.
THAT TIME.
ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE: AS I HAVE OFTEN SAID BEFORE, YOU ARE NO' RESPONSIBLE FOR ME GETTIN' MY NOB CHOPPED OFF. I *FOLLOWED YOU* INTAE THAT RIDICULOUS GANGFUCK.
FURTHER, YOU ARE NO' RESPONSIBLE FOR MY SUBSEQUENT TRANSITIONING, WHICH IT MUST BE REALLY FUCKIN' OBVIOUS BY NOW *I WANTED TAE DO...*
I KEN THAT...
IT'S NO' ALWAYS ABOOT YOU, HUGHIE. YE BLOODY EGOMANIAC.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BOBBI?
OCH, I'LL BE AW'RIGHT, ANNIE...!
WE'RE ALL GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.
BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO?*

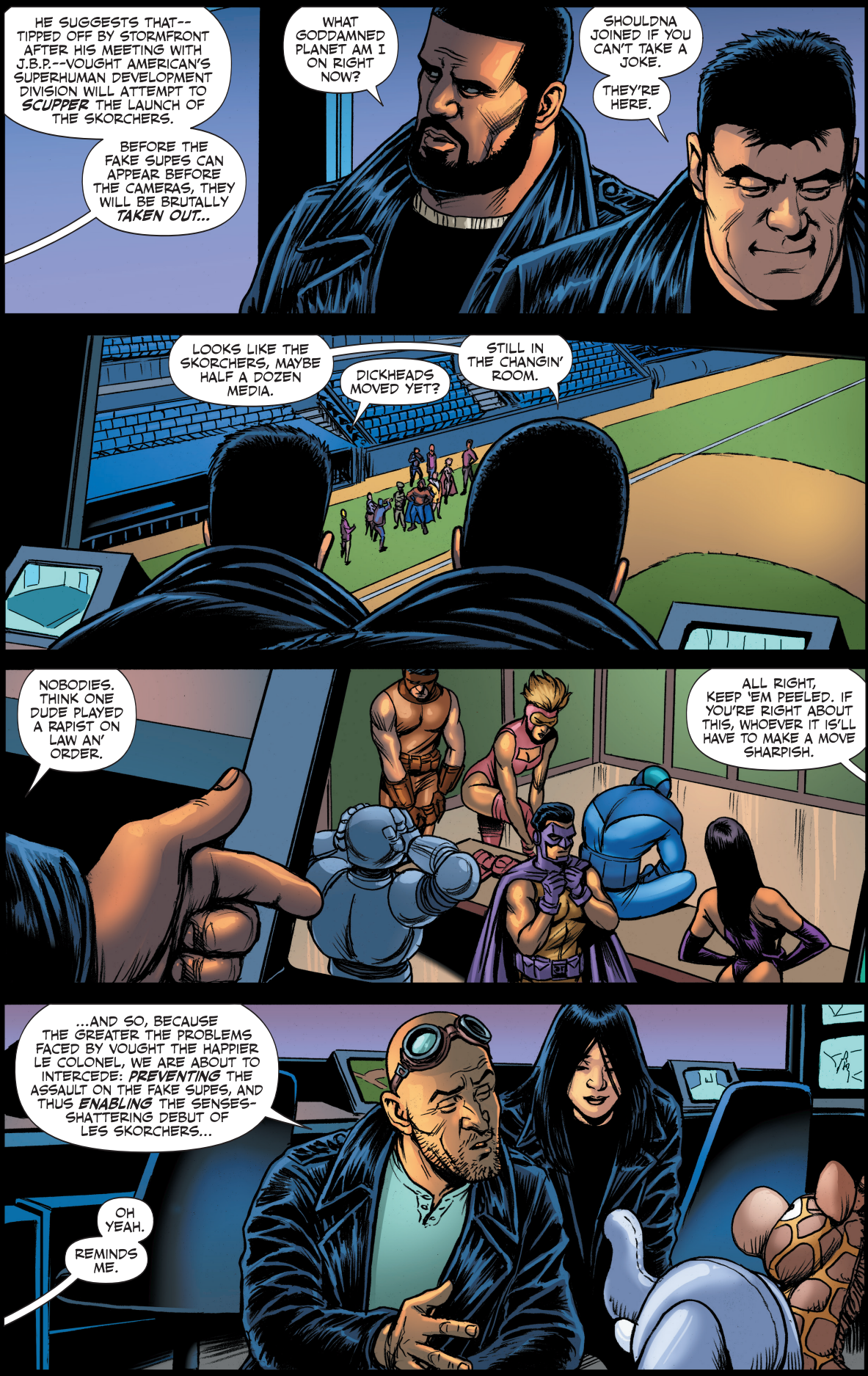

...THE PAYBACK MANSION, THAT SHITTY OLD HOUSE ON THE BEACH? AND THEY HAVE THIS WEIRD-LOOKING DUDE I THINK IS THE BUTLER, HE FUCKING CUPPED MY BALLS WHEN HE TOOK MY CAPE...!
OH YEAH?
YEAH, HE... I MEAN...
WELL, ANYWAY. WE KIND OF HIT THE JACKPOT ON THIS ONE.
SOUNDS GOOD.
YEAH, THAT DUDE BAXTER-PUGH WAS *THERE.*
WAS HE NOW?
SAY ON.
OKAY, SO THEY MADE ME *WAIT,* RIGHT? I HAD TO SIT IN THE HALL UNTIL STORMFRONT CALLED ME IN, I ALMOST GOT STUCK WITH SOLDIER BOY AND HE IS SUCH A *WHINY BITCH...*
AND SOMEONE STARTS SHOUTING IN THE NEXT ROOM, LIKE RAISED VOICES GETTING LOUDER, AND ONE OF THEM'S STORMFRONT AND THE OTHER IS SOME ENGLISH GUY--AND LIKE I GRADUALLY REALIZE IT'S ACTUALLY *HIM...!*
HOW?
WELL I MEAN IT'S OBVIOUS FROM WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT, BUT AFTERWARDS HE WALKS RIGHT PAST ME ON HIS WAY OUT. HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME, BUT THERE'S JUST NO MISTAKING THAT STUCK-UP PRICK!
BUT THIS IS THE COOL PART, I COULD HEAR EVERYTHING THEY SAID. I GOT EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED, YOU KNOW?

FIRST THING I HEAR IS STORMFRONT SAYING NO, LIKE LOUD, AS IF HE'S SAID IT BEFORE AND HE'S PISSED OFF HAVING TO SAY IT AGAIN. AND THEN J.B.P., HE SAYS--HEY, I CAME ALL THE WAY HERE OUT OF RESPECT FOR YOU, I THOUGHT WE HAD SOMETHING...
THAT'S WHEN STORMFRONT REALLY GETS SERIOUS. HE'S LIKE WE HAVE NOTHING, WE NEVER DID, AND BAXTER-PUGH'S LIKE COME ON, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS...
HE SAYS-- DO YOU HONESTLY THINK IF I SAY GRAND SAVANNA THE WORLD'S GOING TO END, AND STORMFRONT'S LIKE--IT WILL FOR YOU, ENGLANDER. I MEAN HE CALLS HIM ENGLANDER, YOU KNOW?
AND J.B.P. SAYS OH COME ON AND JUST STARTS LAUGHING...!
IT'S LIKE HE'S NOT SCARED, YOU KNOW? HE'S NOT SCARED OF THIS MOTHERFUCKER COULD PROBABLY GIVE THE HOMELANDER A RUN FOR HIS MONEY!
THEN THEY'RE QUIET. I GUESS THEY'RE PROBABLY STARING EACH OTHER DOWN.
AND THEN J.B.P. SAYS--I'LL REMEMBER THIS, AND STORMFRONT SAYS--OH, SO WILL I, BELIEVE ME.
AND J.B.P. SAYS-- JUST REMEMBER I GAVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.
AND THEN HE LEAVES.
SO HOW'D YOU GET ON WITH STORMFRONT YERSELF?
OH... WELL...

I MEAN TO BE HONEST WITH YOU I THOUGHT THAT'D BE EVERYTHING YOU WANTED, YOU KNOW, LIKE YOU TALKED ABOUT A CONNECTION BETWEEN BAXTER-PUGH AND THE GRAND SAVANNA...
UH, I ASKED STORMFRONT WHO THE BRIT WITH THE STICK UP HIS ASS WAS, AND HE SAID JUST SOME PIECE OF SHIT...
SO I ASKED HIM WHAT THE GUY WANTED AND HE SAID--THE STUPID FUCK WANTED ME TO DRESS UP LIKE THE GRIM REAPER AND PLAY-FIGHT HIS NEW TEAM OF SUPER-FAGGOTS.
AND THEN... WELL, IT WAS LIKE HE REMEMBERED I WAS THERE--HE WAS A LITTLE BIT DISTRACTED, YOU KNOW?
HE ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED AND I SAID, UH, JUST CHECKING IN...I GOTTA ADMIT, MY MIND KIND OF WENT BLANK AT THAT POINT, AFTER EVERYTHING. I JUST DIDN'T--
WELL, HE TOLD ME TO FUCK OFF, AND I GOT THE IMPRESSION HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT ME AGAIN.
AND HERE I AM.
WELL?
PRETTY MUCH HOW HE TOLD IT.
'CEPT STORMFRONT CALLED HIM A COCKSUCKER A COUPLE TIMES.
WHAT, THE BAXTER-PUGH STUFF AN' ALL?
CAN'T HEAR ALL OF IT, DEFINITION JUST AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE NEXT ROOM. BUT THEY BOTH YELLIN' LIKE CRAZY AT ONE POINT.

SO.
STORMFRONT FIGURES SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT'S A BETTER BET THAN BAXTER-PUGH'S DIVISION.
HE DON'T WANT NO PART OF ANYTHING CAN CONNECT HIM TO GRAND SAVANNA.
I DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA BE HEARIN' FROM STORMFRONT. I RECKON THE BIG SQUAREHEAD'S RATTLED.
THAT IS IF IT'S TRUE...
WHICH IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE.
WHICH IS WHY I THINK IT IS.
VIKOR GOES IN AN' SAYS, LADS, I'VE GOT MESELF IN A BIT OF A PICKLE--YOU MIND DOIN' A LITTLE PLAY-ACTIN' TO HELP ME OUT? ALL THEY'D DO IS CUT THEIR LOSSES AN' KILL HIM.
PLUS IT'D MEAN HE FOUND THE BUG. AN' I DON'T THINK HE HAS.
YOU EVER SEE ANYONE SO FUCKIN' EAGER TO PLEASE...?
MM-MM.
YOU GOT HIM BOXED INTO A CORNER. HE STARTED SEEIN' YOU AS HIS ONLY OPTION.
FEDS SEE THIS WIT' WISEGUYS THEY GET TO TURN RAT. VIKOR GONNA WANNA PRETEND YOU AN' HIM ON THE SAME TEAM--LIKE HE MADE THE CHOICE, HE STILL GOT SOME DIGNITY LEFT...
DIGNITY? HE'S GOIN' AROUND DRESSED AS A FUCKIN' CUNT!
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
GET THE BUG BACK?
COULDN'T.
SHIT.


OH, MON DIEU, IS THIS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY...?
YANKEE STADIUM
24 World Championships
OF COURSE. OF COURSE IT IS. SILLY QUESTION.
AHEM.
MADAME LATRUNK, MADEMOISELLE LES TREETOPS: BONSOIR. PLEASE LISTEN CLOSELY, THEN PASS THE INFORMATION ON TO VOTRE BON AMI, LA FEMME.
THE EVIL JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH HAS FAILED TO ENLIST PROPER SUPES IN HIS SCHEME TO LAUNCH HIS NEW TEAM, THE SKORCHERS...
SO, AS PREDICTED BY M'SIEU CHARCUTER, HE HAS BEEN FORCED TO HIRE ACTORS TO PLAY HIS VILLAINS. THROUGH OUR BUGGING OF THE SKORCHERS' HEADQUARTERS, WE LEARNED TONIGHT THAT THE CONFRONTATION WOULD TAKE PLACE HERE-- DANS LE STADE DE YANKEE.
ALL IS READY, THE FAKE SUPES ARE IN POSITION, J.B.P.'S MEDIA CONTACTS AS WELL. BUT LAIT DE LA MERE--ALWAYS VIGILANT! SUSPECTS A MINOR WRINKLE IN THE PLAN.


HE SUGGESTS THAT-- TIPPED OFF BY STORMFRONT AFTER HIS MEETING WITH J.B.P.--VOUGHT AMERICAN'S SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT DIVISION WILL ATTEMPT TO SCUPPER THE LAUNCH OF THE SKORCHERS.
BEFORE THE FAKE SUPES CAN APPEAR BEFORE THE CAMERAS, THEY WILL BE BRUTALLY TAKEN OUT...
WHAT GODDAMNED PLANET AM I ON RIGHT NOW?
SHOULDNA JOINED IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.
THEY'RE HERE.
LOOKS LIKE THE SKORCHERS, MAYBE HALF A DOZEN MEDIA.
DICKHEADS MOVED YET?
STILL IN THE CHANGIN' ROOM.
NOBODIES. THINK ONE DUDE PLAYED A RAPIST ON LAW AN' ORDER.
ALL RIGHT, KEEP 'EM PEELED. IF YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS, WHOEVER IT IS'LL HAVE TO MAKE A MOVE SHARPISH.
...AND SO, BECAUSE THE GREATER THE PROBLEMS FACED BY VOUGHT THE HAPPIER LE COLONEL, WE ARE ABOUT TO INTERCEDE: PREVENTING THE ASSAULT ON THE FAKE SUPES, AND THUS ENABLING THE SENSES-SHATTERING DEBUT OF LES SKORCHERS...
OH YEAH.
REMINDS ME.

COLONEL MALLORY ASKED ME HOW I KNOW 'BOUT J.B.P. AN' STORMFRONT.
I SAID IT CAME UP WHEN BAXTER-PUGH WAS TALKIN' TO THE SKORCHERS.
NEVER MISSES A FUCKIN' TRICK...
MEANS I LIED. WHICH HE GONNA KNOW, HE EVER READS THE LOGGED TRANSCRIPTS.
I GOTTA SAY, I DON'T LIKE BEIN' PUT IN THIS POSITION...
I'LL CARRY THE CAN IF IT COMES TO IT.
WHERE IS THE COLONEL, ANYHOW?
GONE TO LANGLEY. SAID WE COULD COPE ON OUR OWN.
SEE WHO I SEE?
SHIT, THEY USIN' SUPES...
DON'T MATTER. YOU WIN THE STAR PRIZE, MATE.
FRENCHIE?
THEY'RE C-LISTERS, SO YOU CAN DO ALL THE DAMAGE YOU WANT. JUST DO IT QUICKLY AN' QUIETLY.
RIGHT THEN.

YOU SKORCHERS AIN'T EVEN GONNA GET OFF THE GRID!
GROUND.
GROUND, THANKS. IT'S TIME TO SAY HELLO TO... TO...LINE?
THE MALEVOLENTS.
WE'RE ON.
SHE SELLS SEASHELLS BY THE SEASHORE...SHE SELLS SEASHELLS BY THE SEASHORE...
THIS IS A WEIRD ONE, RIGHT?
MY UNCLE WAS ON BROADWAY FOR THIRTY YEARS, SOME OF THE SHIT HE DID WAS--
GATHER...!
EVERYONE KNOW THE SCRIPT?
OKAY, BREAK A LEG.
SHIT.

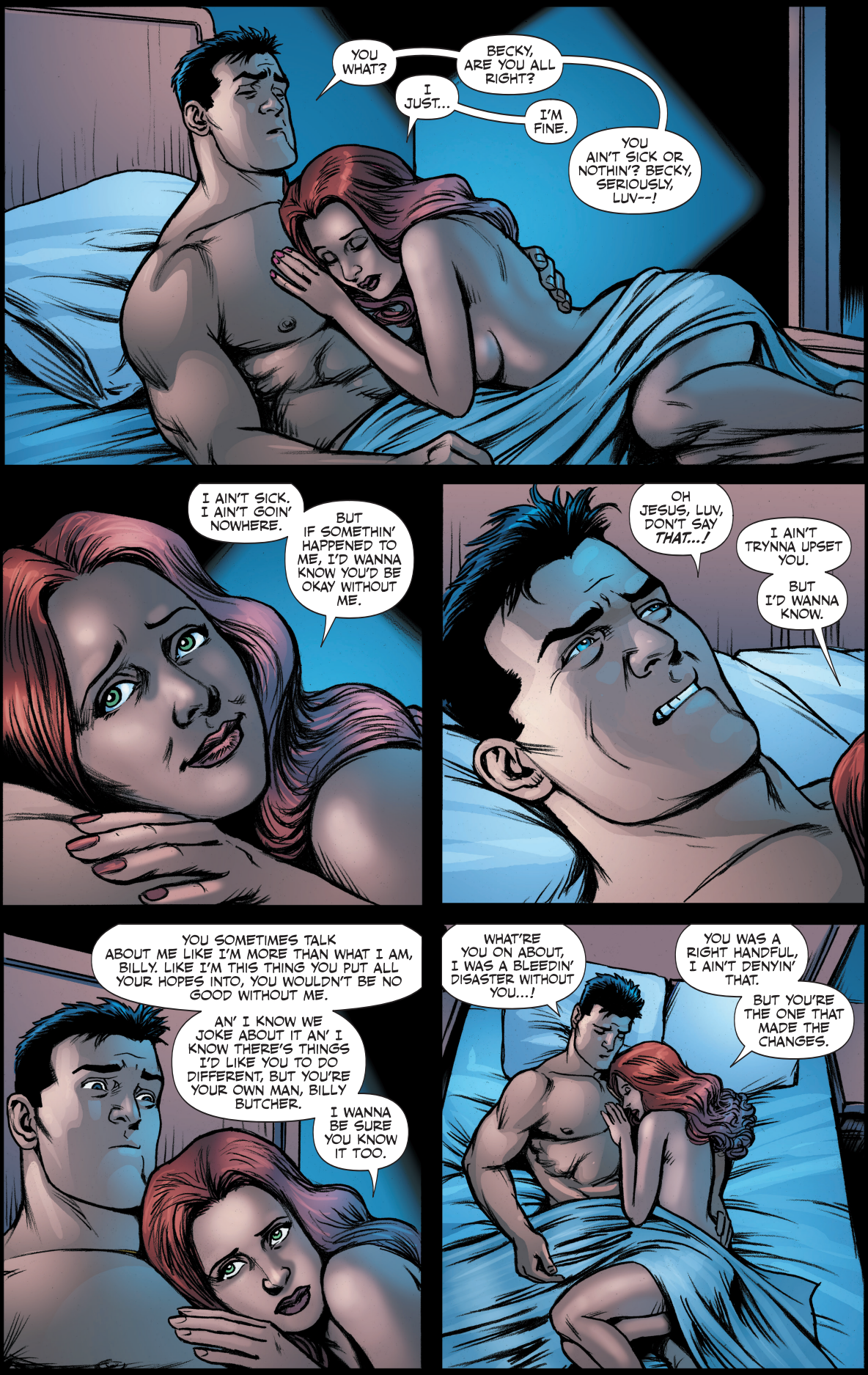
THAT WAS GONNA BE MY LINE.
THEY BEAT US TO IT.
NOT A PROBLEM.
UH...AREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO DO THIS OUT ON THE FIELD...?
WAIT A MINUTE, YOU GUYS ARE THE SKORCHERS, RIGHT?
NO, WE MOST DEFINITELY ARE NOT.
STRAIGHT IN, BOYS.
BAD LUCK, KIDDIES.

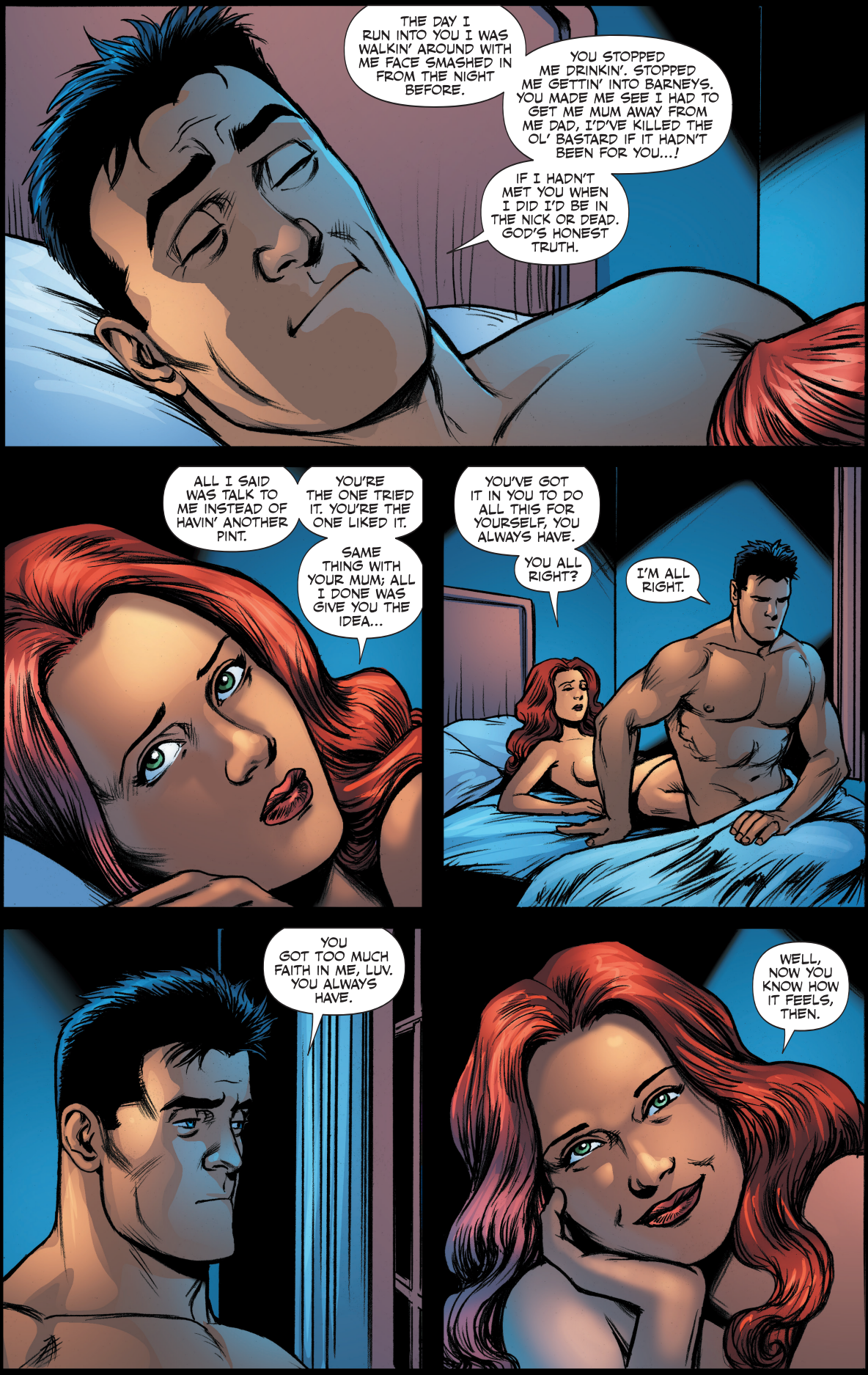
SHOULDA STUCK TO
UNNGGHH
OH--!
BOLP
AAAH
HNNHHH
NO
OH...MY...
FUCKING...
NNK
NNK
DEAR
JESUS--!
NNK

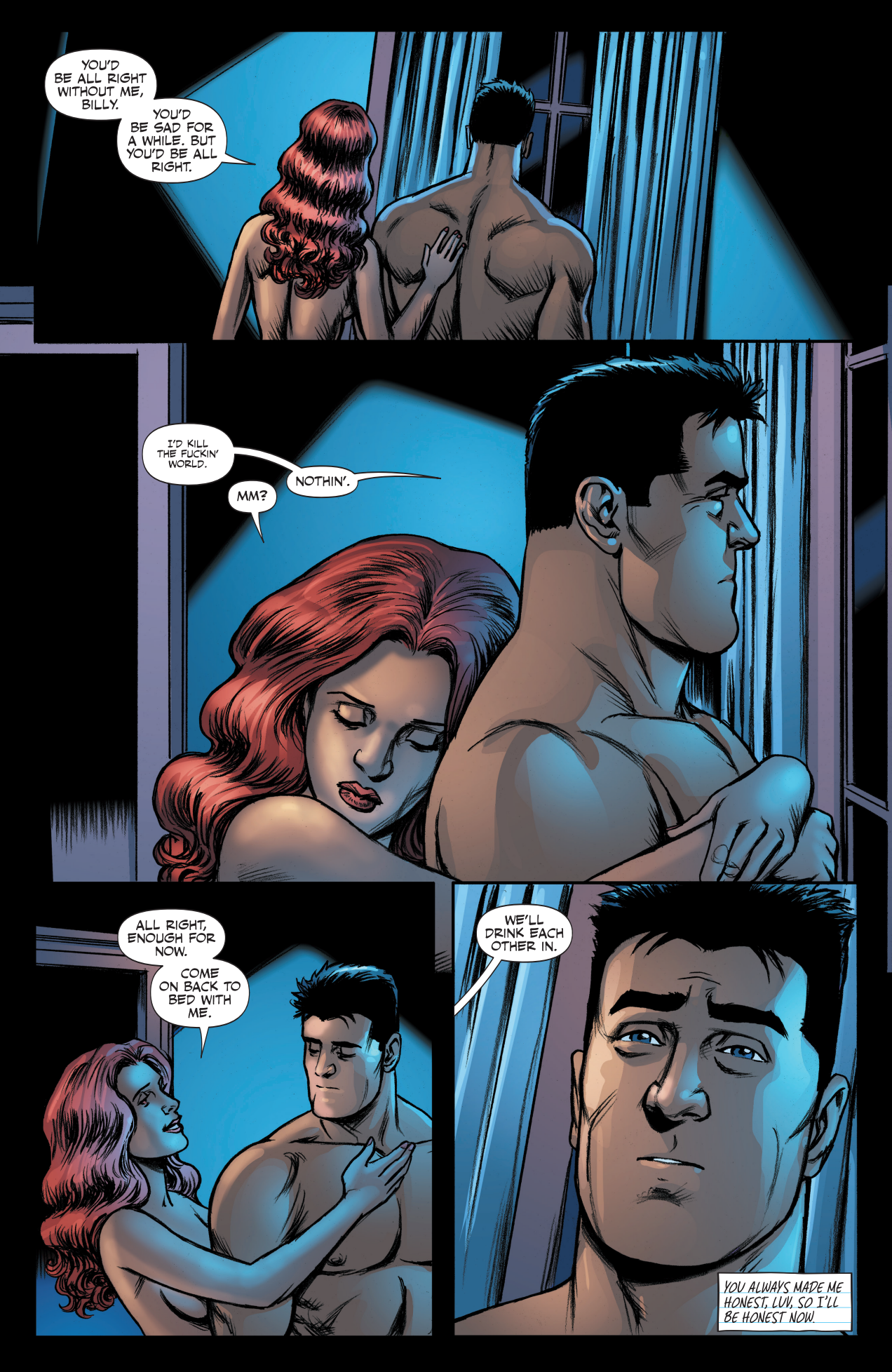
WHOA!
NNK
RUNNIN' A BIT LATE, AIN'T YOU?
WH-WH--?
YOU WAS PAID TO DO A JOB, REMEMBER? BETTER HEAD ON OUT THERE AN' GET STUCK IN.
BUT--I THOUGHT--
TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN, MY SON.
NO, WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
WE WERE TOLD IT WAS ALL GOING TO HAPPEN OUTSIDE, NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THESE GUYS...
YEAH, OR *YOU GUYS*-- I MEAN WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE GETTING MIXED UP IN?
ARE THOSE PEOPLE *DEAD--?*
OKAY, I'M NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THIS AT ALL, I WANT TO CALL MY AGENT...!
GIVE US THAT, WILL YOU, LUV?
I MEAN WHO *ARE YOU*, ANYWAY...?

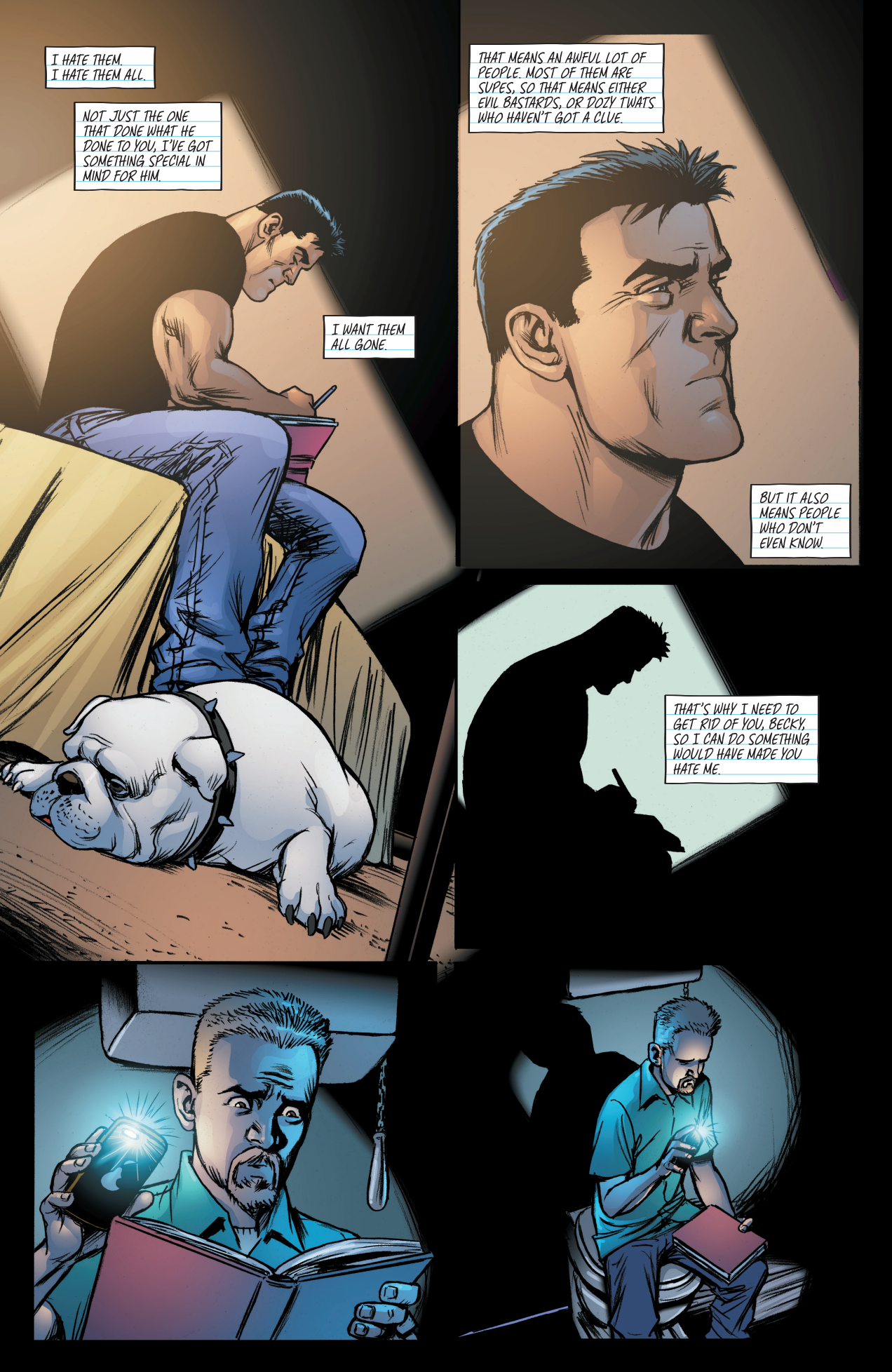
THIS IS WHO WE ARE.
MISTER BAXTER-PUGH HIRED YOU TO PUT ON A SHOW. HE HIRED US TO MAKE SURE YOU MADE IT.
NOW GET YOUR ARSES OUT THERE...AN' GET TO FUCKIN' WORK.
NOT A WORD TO NO ONE.
NOT EVEN HIM, HE DON'T LIKE COMPLICATIONS.
YOU BELIEVE ME IF I SAY WE KNOW HOW TO FIND YOU?
Y-Y-YES--!
PISS OFF, THEN.
YOU SKORCHERS AIN'T EVEN GONNA GET OFF THE GROUND!
IT'S TIME TO SAY HELLO TO THE MALEVOLENTS!

MMM.
DON'T MOVE.
UH-UH.
CAN'T TELL WHERE I END AN' YOU BEGIN, SOMETIMES.
I'M THE HORRIBLE, HARD, HAIRY, KNOBBLY ONE...
MMMM... YOU AIN'T HORRIBLE...
BILLY?
MMF?
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I WAS GONE?


YOU WHAT?
BECKY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I JUST...
I'M FINE.
YOU AIN'T SICK OR NOTHIN'? BECKY, SERIOUSLY, LUV--!
I AIN'T SICK. I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE.
BUT IF SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO ME, I'D WANNA KNOW YOU'D BE OKAY WITHOUT ME.
OH JESUS, LUV, DON'T SAY THAT...!
I AIN'T TRYNNA UPSET YOU.
BUT I'D WANNA KNOW.
YOU SOMETIMES TALK ABOUT ME LIKE I'M MORE THAN WHAT I AM, BILLY. LIKE I'M THIS THING YOU PUT ALL YOUR HOPES INTO, YOU WOULDN'T BE NO GOOD WITHOUT ME.
AN' I KNOW WE JOKE ABOUT IT AN' I KNOW THERE'S THINGS I'D LIKE YOU TO DO DIFFERENT, BUT YOU'RE YOUR OWN MAN, BILLY BUTCHER.
I WANNA BE SURE YOU KNOW IT TOO.
WHAT'RE YOU ON ABOUT, I WAS A BLEEDIN' DISASTER WITHOUT YOU...!
YOU WAS A RIGHT HANDFUL, I AIN'T DENYIN' THAT.
BUT YOU'RE THE ONE THAT MADE THE CHANGES.


THE DAY I RUN INTO YOU I WAS WALKIN' AROUND WITH ME FACE SMASHED IN FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE.
YOU STOPPED ME DRINKIN'. STOPPED ME GETTIN' INTO BARNEYS. YOU MADE ME SEE I HAD TO GET ME MUM AWAY FROM ME DAD, I'D'VE KILLED THE OL' BASTARD IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU...!
IF I HADN'T MET YOU WHEN I DID I'D BE IN THE NICK OR DEAD. GOD'S HONEST TRUTH.
ALL I SAID WAS TALK TO ME INSTEAD OF HAVIN' ANOTHER PINT.
YOU'RE THE ONE TRIED IT. YOU'RE THE ONE LIKED IT.
SAME THING WITH YOUR MUM; ALL I DONE WAS GIVE YOU THE IDEA...
YOU'VE GOT IT IN YOU TO DO ALL THIS FOR YOURSELF, YOU ALWAYS HAVE.
YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M ALL RIGHT.
YOU GOT TOO MUCH FAITH IN ME, LUV. YOU ALWAYS HAVE.
WELL, NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS, THEN.


YOU'D BE ALL RIGHT WITHOUT ME, BILLY.
YOU'D BE SAD FOR A WHILE. BUT YOU'D BE ALL RIGHT.
I'D KILL THE FUCKIN' WORLD.
NOTHIN'.
MM?
ALL RIGHT, ENOUGH FOR NOW.
COME ON BACK TO BED WITH ME.
WE'LL DRINK EACH OTHER IN.
YOU ALWAYS MADE ME HONEST, LUV, SO I'LL BE HONEST NOW.


I HATE THEM. I HATE THEM ALL.
NOT JUST THE ONE THAT DONE WHAT HE DONE TO YOU, I'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MIND FOR HIM.
I WANT THEM ALL GONE.
THAT MEANS AN AWFUL LOT OF PEOPLE. MOST OF THEM ARE SUPES, SO THAT MEANS EITHER EVIL BASTARDS, OR DOZY TWATS WHO HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE.
BUT IT ALSO MEANS PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW.
THAT'S WHY I NEED TO GET RID OF YOU, BECKY, SO I CAN DO SOMETHING WOULD HAVE MADE YOU HATE ME.

IDIOT.
TO BE CONTINUED

NEXT ISSUE

Butcher remembers his last days with Becky before their lives were torn apart, but a grim revelation about the Skorchers- and the Vought American agenda behind them- throws the Boys for a loop they weren't expecting. Meanwhile, Hughie faces a devastating reckoning of his own...

BILL WILLINGHAM INTRODUCES VAMPIRELLA'S NEWEST FOE IN TRIAL OF THE SOUL

DON'T MISS PRESTER JOHN'S FIRST APPEARANCE!

In a can't-miss standalone tale coming this September, just in time for Halloween, Vampirella meets the newest member of her spine-tingling rogues' gallery!

Multiple Eisner Award-winning writer BILL WILLINGHAM (Fables, Robin) writes the Daughter of Drakulon for the first time ever in Trial of the Soul. Willingham is joined by artist GIUSEPPE CAFARO (Catwoman, Suicide Squad), colorist ANDREW DALHOUSE, and letterer Carlos Mangual. The blood-filled cherry on top is the haunting cover by BART SEARS *(Justice League, Blade).*

This extra-length special tale asks the question, "Does Vampirella have a soul?" New character Prester John has made it his mission to determine this and enact judgment on her. If she passes the test, she will be spared. If not, he must destroy her. No matter how charming he finds her...

"I always found Vampirella so intriguing and I've always had a crush on vampires so this one-shot for me will definitely be a great chance to test my skills with this classic character," said artist Giuseppe Cafaro. "Plus, with Bill at the script, I'm sure that this will be an amazing journey! I always loved what he did with Fables and the Sandman Universe! Can't wait to show fans what we are doing!"

Based on the legend of the medieval Christian leader of a lost wealthy African kingdom, the Prester John of the Vampirella universe represents a force that our heroine has occasionally found herself contending with. Based on a design by Willingham, John is portrayed as a handsome young man, though he's lived well over 1,000 years. When not hiding among man, he dons an ornate armor made in the forges of Heaven. It pairs with his sword, which is actually on loan from Saint Michael the Archangel, who will reclaim it for the battle of the end times. Alongside his armaments and nigh-immortality, Prester John possesses great strength and can tap into a Godspeed allowing him to practically teleport.

Beyond the titular question of her soul, is Vampirella friend or foe to the forces of Heaven? Is Prester John a "villain" or something much more complicated, just as fans' favorite vampiri? And if either survives their encounter, when could they meet again?

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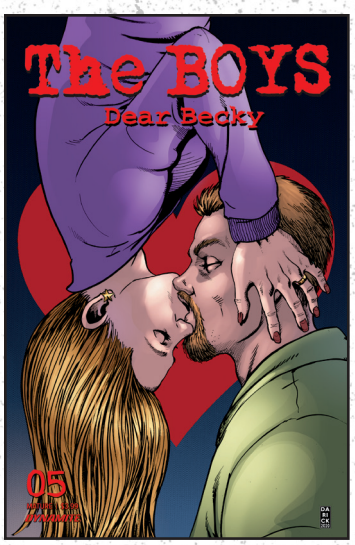

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